

THE NEW YEAR'S OUTLOOK IN PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

That New York, already the Empire City of the Western Hemisphere, is rapidly challenging recognition as the financial and commercial centre of the world, is made manifest by the amazing improvements made and under way. It is estimated that \$250,000,000 will be spent on improvements of a semi-private character projected or actually begun, while the municipality will spend about \$200,000,000 more for improvements already planned.

MANSFIELD MEN
IN LIVELY DANCE

Star's "Personal Representatives" to the Number of Six or More Tumble Over Each Other Serving Him.

STORY OF A BAD "DRAWFT."

No Sultan of Sulu or King of Ki-Ram ever had a more ferocious set of slaves than the half dozen or so "personal representatives" who dance attendance on Richard Mansfield.

This was amusingly illustrated the other evening on the stage of the Herald Square Theatre when the mighty and muscular Mansfield suddenly cried out:

"I feel a drawft!"

Instantly there was energetic commotion on the part of the "personal representatives" who happened to be around, and those who were not there were sent for in all speed.

Meanwhile, Sir Richard kept repeating the distressing line, "I feel a drawft," occasionally alternating with a savage: "What a bar of a place!"

When all the "personal representatives" had excitedly arrived they immediately organized themselves into a tissue-paper squad and went reconnoitering for the "drawft."

They went at it in regulation comic-opera style, though not following the method of George Ade's monarch, who wets his finger, then sticks it up to find out from what quarter the wind is coming.

Each of the "personal representatives" armed himself with a sheet of flimsy tissue, and holding it aloft with his two hands, went here, there and everywhere to see if he could find any clue to the demotion of the "drawft."

Finally, it is said, the "drawft" was discovered coming gently through the peephole of the drop-curtain.

Whereupon, it is reported, Richard proclaimed:

"Close the peephole for my engagement. It is an unhealthy and barbaric relic of an artistic age!"

"Counting-up hour" is another time that brings the "personal representatives" into mass play. They gather in the little office in the front of the theatre and wait for the manager to come in with great solemnity. They were in the midst of the sordid rite the other night when Mr. Mansfield's valet appeared—like Banquo's ghost—upon the scene.

"Does he want me?"

"Does he want me?"

Thus, in turn, the "personal representatives" made eager and anxious inquiry of the desires of their illustrious chief. And when the valet silently pointed his finger at one of them, the "personal representative" designated leaped quickly to his feet and sped fleetly through the door.

Next to Mansfield, the valet is most feared, for he is "next" to Mansfield and a good many other things that would make good stories.

The nervous little foreigner who does the bookboard work for Mrs. Kono-rab, the lightning calculator, at the theatre, has his own troubles with facetious individuals who ask to put down figures on small slates which he distributes. As soon as some people get these slates in their hands the one mischievous spirit of their school-days seems to seize them.

"What figure is this?" asked the puzzled victim of a prank, studying a slate which was returned to him at yesterday afternoon's performance.

"It's the figure of a woman," answered the grinning joker.

Among the stories Archie Grant is telling at Keith's is one concerning the tumbling from the water wagon which John L. Sullivan recently took in Detroit.

"I went to the jail to see John L. after his arrest," related Grant. "Come in and make yourself at home," said Sullivan from the other side of the bars. "How am I going to get in?" "Crawl through the bars; I could if I was as small as you are, you shrimp," answered the hospitable ex-monologist.

Now that Christmas week is past business at the theatres is once more booming. Last week the audiences were composed principally of deadheads, theatrical folk who were in town taking their annual mid-season compulsory "lay off."

New York managers are notoriously generous in the matter of issuing passes to members of the profession, and this, despite the fact that they say they don't like to see stage people in their houses.

"Notwithstanding that they see the show without its costing them a cent they're always disposed to 'knock,'" said a Broadway manager. "They seem to delight in letting every one near them hear them criticize the performance, and when they leave town they do the same thing on trains and in hotels. They're an ungrateful lot!"

Wonderfully ingenious names are those which some of the "Sultan of Sulu" girls have. Take one of these long, winter, longings and learn these by heart: Beryl Gomez, Effie Hasty (sometimes called Hasty Effie), Aurora Platt and Mammy Kennedy.

FIRST OF TRUST STEAMERS.

The Philadelphia Carries Papers of New International Company.

The steamer Philadelphia has cleared for Southampton, the first of the trust steamers to sail with the papers of the International Mercantile Marine Company. In the future the papers of the American, Red Sea, White Star and Leyland lines will bear the name of the Morgan trust.

The Freeman's Journal Sold.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 31.—The Freeman's Journal, the official Democratic organ of Otsego County, and one of the oldest country weeklies in the State, has been bought by George H. Carley, who assumes control Jan. 1. Samuel M. Shaw, the present editor, has been owned and edited for more than half a century.

MRS. LANGTRY'S GORGEOUS NEW GOWNS
TALK OF THEIR HIT, BUT SCORE HER PLAYTO SET FREE MAN
WHO SHOT RIVAL.

Justice Hale Approves Report Declaring Charles Shapiro Sane After 5 Years in Asylum.

Justice Hall's last act as a Judge of the Supreme Court was to sign an order confirming the report of Drs. Austin Flint and Ralph Waldo and Lawyer Henry Thompson, as Commissioners to examine and report on the mental condition of Charles Shapiro, who shot his rival to death in Shari Zadek synagogue in Henry street. He has been in Mattewan State Hospital for five years.

Justice Hall confirmed the report which declared Shapiro cured, and Shapiro has been brought back and is in the Tombs awaiting the formality of a trial. Justice Hall also ordered Comptroller Grout to pay \$200 each to the Commission, \$225 to the stenographer, Samuel J. Siegel, and \$100 to Alex. S. Rosenthal, the attorney who has followed Shapiro's case from the beginning. District Attorney Jerome assented to both orders.

Charles Shapiro and Louis Lieberman loved the same maiden, Yetta Gordon. Shapiro shot Lieberman on the threshold of the synagogue and he and Miss Gordon entered, as he thought, for a wedding. Shapiro's insanity was ascertained, and he was sent to Mattewan. The girl married another man.

Shapiro was a Polish baker, fresh in America. Now he is not only cured, but he has been taught to speak, read and write English fluently.

POLICE WANT MORE MONEY.

Burglaries at Mount Vernon Prompt Call for Larger Force.

(Special to The Evening World.) MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Dec. 31.—The Police Commissioner, through President Murphy, to-day sent a letter to the Common Council asking for an additional appropriation of \$20,000 to run the Police Department. The Commissioners contend that the present appropriation of \$30,000 is not enough and that they need \$20,000 to properly protect Mount Vernon.

There have been so many burglaries around that city that the Commissioners will ask the Legislature to pass a special act so they can have more money to hire ten extra officers.

"Force"
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt.

will make ALL the year happy.

Jim Dumps resolves on New Year's Day That he'll not change last year's good way, But daily dine on Strength's sure source, The brain-and-brawn-producing "Force."

A brand new lease of life and limb All can foresee for "Sunny Jim."

Will Be in Demand Hereafter. "I am considerably advanced towards eighty years of age. I have of late been almost rejuvenated by the use of your very excellent preparation which you have rightly designated as 'Force.' For the last month or two we all have been in the best of health. It will be in demand hereafter." "R. GARRAMORE, England."

SOTHERN LIKED
AS "HAMLET."

Actor's Sane and Sincere Presentation of Melancholy Dane Is Enthusiastically Re-Welcomed.

CHARACTERIZATION BETTER.

After the freakish Brutus of Mansfield the sane and sincere Hamlet of Sothern is a mental pick-me-up.

At the Garden Theatre last night this most interesting of latter-day Danes (best since Booth, say the old-timers) received a re-welcoming which gave ground for the delightful suspicion that New York is in danger of becoming "broke" to the hilt.

It seems too good to be true, but with what a sigh of relief poor, drudging Mr. Fitch would accept the indefinite vacation that we would hand him out so cheerfully if we could only be "broke" to Shakespeare!

And familiar quotations "go" at the Garden Theatre. Everything with a Fifth Reader flavor about it wins a hearty round of applause from the innocents, while the knowing ones—the hardened play-tasters—frown impatiently and reserve their demonstrations for subtleties of acting that escape the multitude.

The B. S. B. Hamlet ("best since Booth," you know) has not been standing still. It has gained in height and depth, in knowledge and sureness and fire and meaning. I'm not sure that it hasn't lost just a little of the pitifulness—the young, tender, helpless, motherless lamb sort of effect—which made it such a subtle creation in the beginning, and I'm not sure that Sothern hasn't acquired a few—just a few—Irvingisms of the lower limbs—which would be a pity.

But one can't be certain of trifling details after only one sitting, and, in any case, they don't count for much in a performance which is one of the most poetic, lofty and moving within reach of the playgoer of to-day.

Nothing much nearer perfection than the Sothern Hamlet last night in the speech of the players has been heard in these parts within the memory of the dependent. It was simply a piece of exquisite verbal tone-shading—an intellectual song without music.

Cecilia Loftus's Ophelia is a little poem in itself—very little, you know, but with such a delicate, even flavor to it.

Jennie Eustace's Queen is remarkable for the human quality of her weeping, and the splendidly sensible Polonius of Edwin Varney, the sympathetic Horatio of Henry J. Carvill, and the gruesome Gravedigger of Rowland Buckstone are still admirable features of Mr. Sothern's reverent and artistic production.

KATE CAREW.

AMERICAN IN PERIL
FROM COLORED MOB

Mate of a Brig Shoots a Negro Seaman in Jamaica and Is Now Guarded in Jail.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Dec. 31.—Trouble is threatened at Savanna La Mar, on the southwest coast of this island, because of the shooting there yesterday of the colored Jamaican second mate of the American brig Sunlight by the first officer of that vessel, H. G. Gardner, of Maine. Word has reached here that the trouble arose on board the Sunlight over the color question and the crew left her and refused to return.

During the disturbance, it is said, Gardner fired at the second mate and probably fatally wounded him. A strong force of police was sent on board the brig to arrest Gardner, and it was with difficulty that he was overpowered and taken to jail.

The police were compelled to guard the building to prevent native mobs from attacking it. The Sunlight was headed for logwood for Boston.

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